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sits on a roll of massive clouds, and holds the President's shield instead of her Ægis. A better example by this artist is one in which a heavy modern shield is carried by graceful Cupids with butterfly wings (Fig. 6); the faces and figures of the two children are charming. Some of the French book-plates are caricatures or "charges," with punning mottoes. Book-plates engraved with portraits are very rare. The author of "Ex-libris Français" has only known of two examples, one of which was the plate belonging to the Abbé Desfontaines, who took pleasure in admiring the representation of his own person in the covers of his books. The book-plate of Edouard Manet, painter, may also in the original engraving claim to be a portrait (Fig. 7). The design is by Bracquemond, and consists of an outline of Manet's head, on shoulders which gradually assume the form of the god Terminus. Behind this pedestal rise graceful stems and grasses. "Manet et Manebit" is the motto inscribed on this plate. The great Bibliophile and librarian, Magliabecchi, possessed a book-plate which represented his own head in profile on a medal surrounded by oak-boughs, amongst which a few books are interspersed; "Antonius Magliabecchius Florentinus" is inscribed around it.

During the French revolution a curious change was made in some of the book-plates used by Bibliophiles of noble birth. The coronet was carefully obliterated, and the cap of liberty set in its place. The book-plate of J. B. Michaud, Pontissaliensis Legati in Nat^l Conventu, 1791, bears a Phrygian cap above a shield, with a commonplace monogram, and the motto, "La Liberté où la Mort."

Some of the English book-plates bear witness to the special tastes of their owners, as, for instance, a group of nets and rods in a river scene. A very graceful picture formed the book plate of Anna Damer, "Agnes Berry inv. and del. 1793." A girl with a sweet smiling face, and wearing classic drapery, kneels on one knee beside a monument, or altar, on which "Anna Damer" is inscribed. Upon it are two pet dogs supporting a shield; trees and a distant landscape form the background. A very pretty and simple book-plate is Mr. John Murray's—a kneeling cherub, in brown outline, the owner's name in gold. The cherub is copied from one of the adjuncts of a Madonna by Raphael.

Books are very often legacies, and the idea occurred to some one that when such was the case the fact should be perpetuated in a book-plate. The idea was good, but was carried out in the horrible design, once so common amongst us, the heathen urn. The urn and its ugly shadow stand in the centre of an oval, and the urn has an inscription beginning "Gift by will," and the date 1791.

The Russian book-plates that have come under our notice have all been heraldic, engraved rather roughly. The Spanish are also heraldic.

The fashion for pictorial book-plates is increasing. A pleasing and appropriate etching, which will be placed in many books, and last for generations, is not an unworthy object on which to exercise artistic taste, and it is a satisfaction to the owner, who feels that his plate is original and well designed, to see it in the volumes which he loves.

JOHN BUNYAN.

ENGRAVED BY H. BALDING, FROM THE STATUE BY J. E. BOEHM.



HERE we asked to describe the present age by one of its prominent characteristics, we should be disposed to speak of it as an age of memorials and testimonials: the fine arts and the manufacturing arts are constantly employed in doing honour to the living and the dead with more or less show of justification; private friendship is in some instances the moving power to this end, but public estimation in many others.

The statue of John Bunyan, which is here engraved, is a memorial erected at the sole cost of a single individual; it is the gift of the Duke of Bedford to the corporation of the town which gives to the duke his title, and was placed in a conspicuous part of the town in July, 1874. The names of Bunyan and Bedford can never be disassociated: the "glorious dreamer" was born at Elstow, but a short distance from the town; was incarcerated

in its prison for a considerable term, where he wrote his immortal "Pilgrim's Progress;" and after his release became the minister of the Baptist congregation there.

Mr. Boehm's statue shows Bunyan as in the act of preaching to or addressing an audience in the open air, which, his biographers relate, he was at one time accustomed to do in the villages round about the town. The figure is well modelled, and stands firmly yet easily, but the expression of the face—at least as it appears in the engraving—is not agreeable; it has an affected smile, or rather smirk; still the likeness to the best-authenticated portraits is recognisable. Near the feet is a representation of stonework, to which chains are attached, typifying Bunyan's imprisonment. Three sides of the pedestal have respectively a bas-relief of a subject from the "Pilgrim's Progress;" the fourth side bears an appropriate inscription. The engraved name is a facsimile of one of Bunyan's varied autographs.

THE EXHIBITION OF TAPESTRY AT THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.



HERE are but few relics of the luxurious existence of the wealth and rank of past centuries that appeal to the imagination so strongly as do tapestry-hangings. The garments of beauty and of royalty, the armour that once clothed heroic limbs, reft of the forms that once filled them, are like the discarded plumage of a bird, the hollow chrysalis of the escaped butterfly. Furniture in a museum has a displaced and exiled look; but suspend the tapestry-hangings against the walls, even of a void and echoing gallery, and it returns at once to its pristine functions. Thus it looked when knight and lady feasted beneath its shadow, when royal owners came to smile approval on the goodly work, when it adorned the bower of princesses, or the banqueting-halls of kings. In the

stiff and formal imagery of the earlier pieces, what priceless information respecting costume, customs, &c., may we not find! And in the later works, what visions and images of beauty! The decorative Art of the present day may study with advantage the deft blending of hues, the exquisite grouping of fruit and flowers, and mythological devices, which some of the finer pieces display.

The Central Union of Fine Arts applied to Industry, in this its fifth annual exhibition, has continued to present a display of unusual interest. In addition to the modern clocks and furniture, the silverware of Christoffe, the bronzes of Barbedienne, the porcelains of Deck, that decorate the nave of the Palais de l'Industrie, the upper galleries, so lately emptied of the pictures of the *Salon*, now show forth a chronologically-arranged exhibition of tapestry from the earliest specimens, from Flemish and German looms,

down to the latest achievements of the great national manufactories of Les Gobelins, Beauvais, and La Savonnerie. And, before proceeding to a description of this exhibition, it may be as well to say a few words about the society that originated it.

The Union Centrale des Beaux Arts appliques à l'Industrie has been in existence now for twelve years. It was founded in 1864 by a few of the leading manufacturers of Paris, who, struck by the progress made in industrial Art by the various nations that figured at the Universal Exhibition of London in 1862, feared that France, with all her Art-advantages, might be left behind in the race. Hence they conceived the idea of founding an institution destined to propagate the culture of Art in application to manufactures. Without asking or obtaining any aid from the Imperial Government beyond the necessary legalisation for the project, they founded the association now so well known in the cause of industrial Art. The first exhibition held under its auspices was opened at the Palais de l'Industrie in August, 1865; the present exhibition is the fifth. Two years ago to the displays of the achievements of French industry, as aided by Art, was joined the curious and interesting exhibition of costumes. To-day the not less curious and far more interesting exhibition of tapestry claims our attention.

The earliest specimens of tapestry exhibited are by no means remarkable for artistic grace or beauty. Without perspective and with but little shading, the faces filled in with masses of stitches, the colours dull and presenting but little variety, the few pieces of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are more curious than attractive. Such is the case with one of the oldest pieces in the exhibition, which is the property of M. Escosura, the well-known Spanish artist. It dates from the fourteenth century, and is in tolerable preservation. It represents the Presentation at the Temple. There is no attempt at depth or perspective, or at the introduction of any background, of scenery, or of accessories. The figures are few in number, and are relieved against a flat groundwork of a dull purple hue, spotted with bluish-green leaves in regular order. These personages are five in number—the Virgin, the Child, the attendant priest, and a knight and a lady, each bearing a torch, which last are probably intended for St. Joseph and St. Anne. The figures are all ranged in a row. The priest and the Virgin wear the conventional draperies, but the torch-bearers are arrayed in the garb of the fourteenth century. The faces are filled in with masses of stitches, and are expressionless and unmeaning. The colours of the whole are a good deal faded, the hue of the Virgin's robe having departed so utterly as to render it impossible even to guess at what it may have been. Part of the border, which is still remaining, is of a floreated design in the Byzantine style, and its red and blue tints are well preserved.

Of the tapestry of the succeeding century there are several examples differing widely in merits, according to the locality whence they come. Thus the Manufacture des Gobelins has sent one of the few remaining treasures of its once famous museum, the greater part of which was destroyed by the Communists in 1870. This large and curious piece dates from 1501, and represents Louis XI. raising the siege of Acre. It was executed at Bruges, and bears out the high reputation enjoyed by the Flemish tapestry of the period. The spirit of the design, the care with the details of dress, of armour, and of architecture, are rendered, the expressiveness of the faces, and the Chinese-like disregard of perspective, recall the best of the illuminations illustrating Froissart's "Chronicles." Though the hues are faded by time, there is no lack of choice and variety in colours evidently. On the other hand, a specimen from Ferrara, bearing date some forty years later, displays no colours save greens, blues, and yellows, in varied gradations. A specimen of arras from the South Kensington Museum is equally flat, and devoid of shading or perspective, with the curious piece from the collection of Escosura. But the most primitive and unartistic of these earlier tapestries are some German specimens, dating from the fifteenth century, and displaying devotional subjects treated in the most primitive manner. In one our Saviour, a gaunt and ghastly image, speckled all over with red streaks, intended to represent blood, and with a great sunflower-shaped patch of red on either hand, is held up by main force in the arms of two stalwart burghers. This piece is a long, narrow strip, like the far-famed Bayeux tapestry, which, by-the-way, we are sorry not to see exhibited in the collection.

To return to the tapestries of the sixteenth century, we find ourselves face to face with a very curious piece representing Christ and the 'Woman taken in Adultery.' Oddly enough, Christ and his disciples are attired in the conventional Jewish garb, while the culprit, her accusers, and her would-be executioners, are all goodly Flemish burgher-folk, and dressed accordingly. The woman herself, who is crying bitterly with her muslin apron up to her eyes, is a stout *Flandre*, rigged out in a yellow petticoat and a puffed blue gown, with farthingale and pinner in due style. And yet a little farther on we find a very lovely and artistic specimen from the same country and of the epoch, representing the 'Flight into Egypt,' and probably copied from some fine Italian design. The head of St. Joseph is noble and expressive; and the Virgin, arrayed in a robe of an exquisite shade of blue, so delicate in tint that it is a marvel that the colouring still remains, is singularly lovely, with long golden hair and delicately-outlined features. The perspective is fairly good, and but for the introduction of a band of very peculiar-looking angels, who are literally roosting on a tree that shades the Virgin and Child, the design would be strikingly artistic. The colours of this beautiful piece are almost perfectly preserved. The border, composed of red roses, grapes, and foliage, is very fine and artistic.

From the South Kensington Museum comes a large and valuable piece, representing 'Susannah and the Elders.' Madame Susannah, in the full dress of a fashionable dame of the fifteenth century, with her brocade robe turned over her knees, is washing her feet and ankles in a basin of carved marble fed by an elegant fountain. She is quite unconscious of the presence of the elders, who stand about three feet from her, and who wear the long, furred robes of well-to-do citizens of the period at which the tapestry was executed. The chief artistic value of this finely-preserved and curious specimen lies in the border, which is very broad in proportion to the size of the central picture, and displays on a dark-blue background an arabesque design of brown foliage intermixed with white birds of the crane or heron species, with grey-shaded plumage and red-flecked bills and legs. At each corner is a painted shield, two of which bear on a pale-blue background the head of a man; the other two display coats of arms. This piece has been carefully studied, and the border copied by Parisian artists since the exhibition was opened.

Among the greatest curiosities in the exhibition may be cited the fine set of hangings of English tapestry, manufactured at the celebrated but short-lived Mortlake factory, founded by Charles I. These hangings reproduce the well-known cartoons of Raphael, formerly on exhibition at Hampton Court, and may compare favourably with the finest productions of Les Gobelins, the earliest of which they antedate by several years. The Mortlake factory perished with its founder, and has never since been revived. The colours of the backgrounds, draperies, &c., lack the extreme richness of the hues employed by Les Gobelins, but the finish and delicacy of execution of the pictures leave nothing to be desired.

One of the earliest pieces of French tapestry exhibited dates from the sixteenth century, and represents a snake-charmer displaying his art before a king and queen, who, by the costumes and those of the attendant *mignons* and ladies, seem to be Henri III. and Louise de Lorraine, though the bearded visage of the king more resembles that of Henri II. This piece, which is quite small, is extremely fine in workmanship, and has been extensively enriched with gold-thread, and also with needlework embroidery in floss-silk in relief, representing the jewelled decorations of the costumes. The gold has all turned black, however, and every vestige of colour has long since departed from the silk, so that pale, colourless projections alone remain to show the enrichments that must once have glowed with colour and lustre.

But, from all these curious relics of the art of a bygone age, it is a relief to turn to the positive and splendid beauty of the productions of the still flourishing factories of Les Gobelins and Beauvais. Room after room is filled with these splendid tapestries. It is calculated that these now on exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie are worth \$10,000,000. Louis XIV., as founder of Les Gobelins, figures largely, as is his right. Here is the complete series of his reign, after paintings by Van der Meulen and Lebrun, their tints just softened by time. Here are the lovely tapestries of the Louis XV. period, after Boucher's sentimental and artificial but wholly charming designs. The most magnificent series of this

epoch in the exhibition is undoubtedly the Don Quixote set, after designs ascribed by some to Coypel, by others to Vanloo. Some of the designs of this series are in small oval medallions on a white ground, set in a groundwork of the glorious rose-pink which shares with the far-famed scarlet the honour of being one of the richest and most durable of the colours of Les Gobelins. Over this resplendent background meander festoons of flowers and fruits, bevvies of Cupids, blocks of birds, &c., while at the summit of each of the principal pieces a superb peacock displays his gorgeous and scarcely-faded plumage. These tapestries are all in the very finest preservation. Many of the rich and glowing hues are scarcely injured at all by the hand of Time, and the rest are merely softened and mellowed, not really changed or faded. In the next room we come upon some of the productions of the First Empire—a copy of David's portrait of Napoleon, and various scenes from the life of the great emperor. But uniforms, battles, and, above all, the straight severe features and classic head of the principal hero do not look so well in tapestry as do the wigs, and ruffles, and laces of the Louis XIV. period, the loose draperies of the goddesses of Mignard, the affected graces of the shepherdesses and nymphs of Boucher. To the Restoration and the reign of Louis Philippe we are indebted for the Marie de' Medicis series, a reproduction of the pictured life of that queen by Rubens, painted for the Palace of the Luxembourg, and now in the Louvre. This fine set of tapestry was preserved from the conflagration of St.-Cloud. Some parts of it are remarkably fine, and especially the representation of the satin draperies of the queen, in the picture representing the wedding, and also in that of the birth of the Dauphin.

The Beauvais tapestry on exhibition hardly rivals that of Les Gobelins. There is a stiffness—a lack of artistic beauty—in the designs, which may be accounted for by the fact that the productions of this factory were originally intended for furniture-coverings merely. There is, however, one design, a group of hollyhocks, crimson, white, and yellow, that is remarkably beautiful. Some very interesting sets of furniture are exhibited, especially one with a brown ground spotted with *fleurs de lis* and adorned with medallions of fruit and flowers in wreaths and baskets on a white ground.

The last rooms in the exhibition are devoted to a display of the most recent productions of Les Gobelins, Beauvais, and La Savonnerie. As regards the recently-completed pieces from the first-named establishment, it is to be regretted that copies from the old

masters, such as the 'Charity' of Andrea del Sarto, the 'Visitation' by Ghirlandajo, and the 'Comitas' of Raphael, should be among the most important, the experience of the past having shown that tapestry best reproduces designs which were made expressly for such reproduction. An exception, however, must be made respecting the panels executed for the refreshment-room of the new Opera-House, after designs by Mezerolles. These panels, eight in number, and representing respectively, by means of female figures with appropriate attributes, the various refreshments of coffee, tea, wine, ices, pastry, game, fish, and fruit, are too high in colour as to the figures themselves, and too conspicuous in tone as regards the background. This last is a harsh, deep shade of peacock-blue. The drawing of the figures is very deficient in parts, and notably the arm of the stalwart young woman who personates Ice. A century or two of toning down will be necessary before these panels can be anything but disagreeably showy and crude.

Very lovely is the recent carpet-work from La Savonnerie—a great square carpet intended for the Palace of Fontainebleau, a gorgeous arabesque design in deep yet rich colours, on a dark-brown ground, and several sofa-covers intended for the same palace. From the Beauvais looms three splendid panels are shown, two representing the emblems of Science and of Art respectively, on a background of delicate cream-yellow, the third the arms of France on a dark ground.

It is rather to be regretted that a taste for antique tapestry has not yet crossed the Atlantic. Our citizens have been seized with the prevalent mania for ancient furniture, china, and bric-a-brac, to say nothing of the more serious forms of Art. But we doubt if, outside of the studios of some few artists, there exist a dozen pieces of fine antique tapestry in the country. Yet it is impossible to exaggerate the artistic value of a set of such hangings as a background for armour, mediæval furniture, or paintings. Every artist prizes the richness of tone and the appropriate air shed by such drapery over Moyen Age surroundings. Pieces of tapestry in comparatively good preservation are often to be met with at the shops of second-hand dealers in Paris, or at the auction-sales of the Hôtel Drouot. They are always eagerly bought up, but seldom or never by Americans. Perhaps the peculiarly practical and unadaptable nature of our homes may have something to do with this neglect. But the wide hall of a double mansion, or the walls of a library or of a large dining-room, would afford ample and appropriate space for the use of this most artistic and historical of wall-decorations.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "INTELLECTUAL LIFE."



F all the English writers on Art there are, at least, two whose words are doing a considerable amount of good. I have in mind Mr. F. T. Palgrave and Mr. P. G. Hamerton. They both possess unusual qualifications for the work, and both hold sound views as to the real nature and function of Art, viz., that it is to give the highest possible pleasure to the greatest possible number.

Whatever Mr. Hamerton chooses to write is read with profit and pleasure, even though, to begin with, he has nothing of the poetical power or the brilliancy of style of John Ruskin. Hamerton leans rather to philosophy and scientific analysis. The reader may not accept everything he advances, but will admit, I think, that on the whole his writings are doing fully as much good in the direct service of Art as any book ever penned and published. He is not constantly dropping whatever topic he discusses, and zigzagging off into the realms of space, dilating on all things upon the earth, in the heavens, or the waters beneath. One does not find him, like Ruskin, for instance, making any such prophecy as that we can never have any noble architecture with the material of iron, for the reason that no mention of such a thing is made in the Bible. He probably would see the logical difficulties one would fall into if this style of reasoning were extended to other subjects, say to the mechanic arts.

Aside from the utility of what he has written on the subject of Art, it is also true that few English authors of the present day have risen so rapidly into popularity as has Mr. Hamerton. It is very easy to detect the starting-point of his successful career, but not so easy to explain its secret. That he speaks always to the heart no one would deny; and that he possesses qualifications to deal with themes of special importance there can be no question. It may be that the following data, relative to the man and his writings, will prove serviceable to many of his admirers:

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON was born at Hellifield Peel, Craven, England, on September 10, 1834. His family is one of the oldest in Yorkshire, and is allied, by intermarriage, to many other distinguished families, some of which are of historical importance, such as the Cliffords. Sir Richard Hamerton's second wife was a sister of John, the bloody Lord Clifford, who perished at Towton Field.

Mr. Hamerton's grandfather bore the baptismal name of Gilbert, and, through the most of his life, he lived on a beautiful estate, which was formerly the property of his mother, the Hollins, near Burnley. He died there at an advanced age, leaving behind him a large family of boys and girls. All of the sons were brought up to the law; and one of them, the eldest, practised as a solicitor in a small town called Shaw, not far from Oldham, where he fell in love with, and afterwards married, the daughter of a de-